

# SAN MATEO COUNTY GAZETTE.

A Journal of Improvement, Literature, and General News.

VOLUME XII.

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## THE GAZETTE.

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## HOW I FOUND MY MARIA.

BY N. P. DARLING.

My name is Smith—"one of the few immortal names that were not born to die"—Jabez Smith, and I am not a married man, though I expect to be one soon. My hair stands on end like the quills upon the fretful porcupine, when I think upon the doom that awaits me. It is hard for one so young, so beautiful, and with such bright hopes as were mine only a few short hours ago, with the world before me, as one might say, with the exception of what is behind me, to be thus doomed to drag out a weary existence as the husband of a woman I never saw but once, who is ten years my senior, and who has only one thing to recommend her to my love—her name, which was Jones.

Now there is nothing in the simple name of Jones to cause a man's heart to palpitate, perhaps you think, my lovely reader. Under ordinary circumstances, I agree with you; but if for three long years (one was leap year) and more, you had loved with your whole heart a girl who bore the euphonious name of Jones; if for one thousand and ninety-six consecutive nights (an "unprecedented run") you had retired to your virtuous couch with the name of Jones upon your lips, and the fancied image of Marie Jones before your eyes, would it be strange if you came to love the name only less than its lovely owner? Would it be strange if the name of Jones, no matter where you saw it, would fix your attention? Would it be at all singular if you became intensely interested in everybody and everything belonging to the whole Jones family, or rather all the families and members of families who bear the name of Jones, not excepting the celebrated Davy, and his famous locker? I rather think not. This was the case with me. I was interested in everybody by the name of Jones; I loved the name, but alas! I loved Maria better.

Maria, the beautiful, the dark haired, the hazel eyed, the loveliest Jones of all the Jones, O, where was she? "Ask of the winds that far around with fragments strewed the sea," as the late Mrs. Hemans wrote, when questioned as to the whereabouts of the boy who stood on the burning deck.

I don't think the above quotation quite appropriate, but it was the only thing I could think of, and I felt just as though I must quote something. My feelings have been so wrought upon in the last few hours, that nothing but mental pictures of those people who at some period of their lives found themselves in a worse situation than I am at present, afford me the slightest relief. It made me almost cheerful when I thought of young Cassabianca, for, although my situation is horrible to contemplate, his was certainly worse.

But to my story. I must tell it, for I can find relief no other way, and I have but a few minutes to do it in. The marriage ceremony is to take place at two o'clock this afternoon. The minister is engaged, and my particular friend, William Williamson has just left me for the purpose of obtaining the marriage certificate. I am alone with my thoughts.

Where, O, where is Maria? I know not, but ah! let me forget her. She can never be mine. It is three years now since these eyes of mine dwelt upon her beauteous countenance, since she told that she loved me. During those long years I have been a wanderer in distant lands, with nothing but her dear letters and a comfortable salary to comfort me.

I made her acquaintance while I was principal of the P— High School. She was one of my pupils. When she graduated it was our idea to marry, and open an academy for young ladies and gentlemen, where we could instruct the young idea in the art of shooting on the most approved plan.

But before the arrival of the day that was to make us both supremely happy, I received such a very liberal offer from a Mr. Jordon, the father of one of my pupils, to become his son's tutor and traveling companion, while the lad made a tour through Europe, for the benefit of his health, which had become much impaired by study, that I thought, and Maria agreed with me, that it would be very foolish of me not to accept. And so, bidding adieu to the dear girl, who had wound herself like a corkscrew through the very core of my heart,

I kissed her upon both cheeks, and promised to be true to her, as well as to the rest of the Joneses, whom I loved sincerely for her sake, I tore myself away from her, and that very day, in company with my pupil, embarked in the Asia for Liverpool.

For three years, as I remarked before, I traveled or sojourned in Europe. We passed our first winter in Nice, which is a very nice place to spend a winter, though some crabbed people don't pronounce it so; the second in Venice, and the third in Paris; and although I saw many beautiful women, I am happy to state that the needle of my heart never for one instant "wobbled," but pointed steadily to the north star of my existence, Maria Jones.

Meantime that dear creature amused herself (she always was fond of amusements) by teaching school in the rural districts, and in writing to her dear Smithy, as she called me, and in reading the letters I sent her, containing glowing descriptions of the various countries, cities, peoples and incidents, that I visited and met with in my journey; and so the time passed.

At last I stood once more upon the soil of my own native land. This interesting and rather difficult feat, for I have seen those who wouldn't stand thus without help, I executed for the first time in three years, just one week ago to-day in the city of New York.

What my feelings were I shall not attempt to describe. It would take too long. It is enough to say that I was supremely happy in the thought that I was once more near my own Maria, and that in a few days, at most, I should press her beauteous form to my wildly throbbing heart.

With the utmost despatch I transacted what little business I had in the city, and then started for the village of M—, where I expected to find my Dulcinea. Alas! she had gone from there, no one knew whither. All that I could learn was, that her brother had returned from Australia, immensely rich, and that he was going to settle somewhere in his native country, and Maria was to live with him.

I believe that I have not told you that my love was an orphan. Knowing how tender-hearted you are, dear reader, I didn't want to harrow up your feelings, and I shouldn't have mentioned her fatherless and motherless condition even now, if I did not think it was positively necessary for you to know it. I loved her better on that account. You see I had been in the habit of falling in love with young ladies that had fathers who had money, and the said fathers had been in the habit of declining my proposals, sometimes viciously, to speak mildly, until I retired at last in disgust and centered my affections upon the orphan Maria, congratulating myself that at last I had anchored in a port from which no cruel parent could drive me.

My love had a sister some years older than herself, whom I had never seen, and a brother in Australia, whom I had never called upon. But of course the former would not undertake to influence Maria in the choice of a husband, and as to the latter I never expected to see him.

But here he had returned with wealth and his sister was under his charge. I knew not where to find them, and if I did, perhaps this brother would object to making over his sister into the hands of a poor tutor. Alas! was I always to be balked by crabbed fathers and wealthy brothers?

Hardly knowing which way to turn or what to do, I tarried in M— nearly a week, in a state of dreadful uncertainty. But in the meantime I wrote to my old friend William Williamson, informing him of my return to my "dear native land." His answer reached me before I had decided upon any particular plan of action. It contained an invitation for me to visit him immediately at his home in the town of Becklinburg, where he was keeping bachelor's hall, his family being away.

Without more ado, I immediately packed up and started for Becklinburg, via New York and New London per steamer.

The steamboat train, as it is called, reaches Becklinburg at about four o'clock in the morning; and at that hour of this very morning I found myself landed at a dark and dismal depot, from which I hurried out into the street in search of my friend Williamson's house.

I have been here in Becklinburg many times before, and I am quite familiar with the streets of the town,

or at least I was three years ago, and time had made but few changes. To be sure, the town is larger, and quite a number of buildings have been erected in my absence, as I noticed this morning while walking through its deserted streets. I noticed in particular that some one had built a house on the lot adjoining my friend Williamson's, and so much like his in every respect that it would have been difficult for a stranger to distinguish between them. However, I had visited the house too often to experience any difficulty on that score, or at least I thought so, for I pride myself a great deal upon the fact that I never forget a face that I have once seen, a road that I have once traveled, or a house whose threshold I have once crossed.

When I reached Williamson's gate I was undecided what course to pursue. It was really too bad to ring a man up at 4 o'clock in the morning, even if he was your friend, if I could effect an entrance without; and I knew I could, as I had done it many a time before, in company with Williamson, when we were boys, and slightly wild, perhaps.

Around the house ran a veranda, the top of which was easily reached by some trellis work at the side, and from there I could step into one of the chamber windows without troubling any one. This I resolved to do.

I succeeded in climbing to the roof of the veranda without any serious difficulty and with but little noise, and then a few cautious steps brought me to the window of Williamson's room, which I raised noiselessly and entered, not without some trepidation, although as I knew my friend had never been in the habit of keeping firearms about him, the danger, even if he should awaken, was slight.

Once in the room I paused to listen, for it was so dark that I could make nothing out of the dim outline of the bed and furniture. I believe I trembled slightly, but the regular breathing of the occupant of the bed reassured me, and so cautiously closing the window I advanced into the room.

Still Williamson slept. Peering through the darkness, I could discover his form lying very near the edge of the bed, having plenty of room for me to slip in the other side without disturbing him, or at least I thought so, remembering that he was a heavy sleeper.

It was with a chuckle of satisfaction and delight that I threw off my clothes, thinking meanwhile what would be the surprise of Williamson when he awoke in the morning to find his old friend Smith comfortably reposing beside him. I could hardly restrain myself from laughing outright, as my fancy pictured to me the sleeper's wonderment and perhaps alarm, which would be his, to find a bed-fellow. Would he take me for the ghost of Smith, and run screaming away, or—just at this moment the sleeper turned over, and I became quiet as a mouse, hardly daring to breathe; but he did not wake, and I, having completed my preparations, crept softly toward the bed, cautiously turned back the sheet, and slipped in.

Egad! how the bedstead creaked. Williamson flopped over, but did not wake. He moaned musically, and then he muttered "Smithy," and I knew he was dreaming of me.

My grandmother used to tell me that if you pinch a sleeping person's toe he will answer any question you may ask. I had never tried it; but here was certainly an excellent opportunity. I began to search for Williamson's toe, but very carefully. Slowly I slipped my hand beneath the sheets, slowly I—

"Murder! help! help! help!" It wasn't Williamson!

I sprang out on the front side, and the other party sprang out on the back side of the bed, yelling murder and crying for help at the top of her voice, (it was a female voice, or the voice of a female,) while I stood shivering with the cold and trembling with fear, endeavoring to persuade the lady to "hush up," declaring that I was a gentleman of honor, and that it was all a mistake, and that what wasn't right then we'd make right in the morning, but I really don't believe she heard a word that I said; and just as the lady became exhausted with screaming, and might have been persuaded to listen to reason, I heard footsteps outside the door.

There is nothing like presence of mind in a case like this. Some people would not have known what to do at this juncture. I did. With the greatest presence of mind I seized my pantaloons, and jumping into them (I never had a pair go on with more ease), I very coolly made a dash at the window, dashed through it, of course dashing it all to "smithereens," and landed myself handsomely on the roof of the veranda, my face, hands and legs beautifully ornamented with "cuts," but I did not stop to admire these, but with the greatest celerity I made my way down the trellis work to the ground, followed by cries of "robbers!" "thieves!" etc., from my unknown bedfellow, and a fat, puffy gentleman in a red nightcap, who had popped himself out of the window with a lamp in one hand and a "seven-shooter" in the other, who began to "let it off" just as soon as I had disappeared from his view.

"Bang, bang, bang!" He discharged every barrel, but fortunately he was a poor shot at long range. He missed me, but awakened all his neighbors. Lights flashed up in the houses on both sides of the street. Windows flew up and nightcaps popped out to see what was the matter.

Fortunately for me, at this moment I saw a face appear at a window in the next house, that seemed familiar. It was Williamson. I sprang forward, and leaping the garden wall called to him to come down.

"Who is it?" cried he.

"Smith—Jabez Smith," I replied, as softly as I could.

"Where'd you come from at this time, and in such a plight, Smith?"

"Don't stop to ask questions now, but come down and let me in."

"Go around to the door then."

I did so and was admitted. Williamson closed the door behind me, staring at me in the greatest astonishment.

"What in thunder does this mean, Smith?" he cried, grasping my hand; "your face and hands are covered with blood, and—ha, ha, ha—where are your pantaloons?"

I looked down. Egad, I had jumped into the unknown's balmoral skirt!

"Where have you been?"

"I've been roaming, I've been roaming, my dear boy, and I lost my reckoning, and slipped into bed with a female in the next house, thinking it was you; and I dashed myself through a window; and I've been shot at, and if we can't hush this matter up, I'm ruined. Hide me, William, hide me from the terrible man next door."

Williamson pulled me into the parlor, and throwing himself on the sofa roared with laughter.

"Don't laugh, or you'll betray me. Bless me, there's the door bell!"

"Hush! keep quiet. Wait here and I'll go and see what is wanted," said Williamson, beginning to be alarmed.

"Don't betray me—don't."

He took the lamp, and closing the door after him, left me alone.

It was a moment of terrible suspense for me. If I had been seen to enter Williamson's house, if they searched and found me there, what would be the consequences? I dared not think. I had been guilty of something worse than burglary, and although I might be able to prove that I was innocent of any bad intentions, still my situation was dreadful to contemplate. At this moment I heard a strange voice at the hall door.

"But I tell you I saw him enter this house, Mr. Williamson," cried the voice, in a tone that assured me that the speaker was terribly earnest; "and although I have no search warrant, unless you mean to harbor a thief, you certainly can have no objections to my satisfying myself that he is not here."

"But he certainly wasn't a thief," said my friend.

"How do you know that, Mr. Williamson?"

My friend was nonplussed.

"Come," said he, "come in, and I will explain it all."

"You explain it. What are you the man?"

"No, but it was a friend of mine. Close the door, and let us keep this matter entirely to ourselves."

"Certainly, if your friend is an honorable man, and is willing to do the right thing."

"But it was a mistake, you see."

"Yes, and a very bad one, Mr. Williamson; and if men will make blunders they must pay for them."

"But my friend mistook the house. He thought it was my room he was entering, and he thought it was me in the bed."

"But it was my sister."

"Well, there was no harm in that."

"How the deuce do I know, Mr. Williamson? I merely know the facts in the case, just as I have stated them, and I am bound to have satisfaction of your friend. He must marry the lady, even if she is compelled to sue for a divorce the next day after."

"And lose my Maria!" I yelled, forgetting in the agony of that thought the necessity for silence.

"Hal! that's him," cried the fat gentleman, rushing into the room, followed by a long, thin, peaked-nose, peaked-chinned lady of thirty-five, perhaps, whose face was the color of tan bark, and whose eyes were as red as a soldier's button-hole.

"O, ho, Mr. What's-your-name," cried the tan-colored lady, springing forward and clutching my hair, "arn't you ashamed of yourself, sir?"

"Danged if I ain't," I answered, trying to sink into my balmoral.

"And what are you going to do about it, sir? Just tell me that, will you?" inquired the fat gentleman, grasping me by the arm. "Didn't you know that it was a high crime and a misdemeanor, for which you might be impeached, sir? Didn't you know that you might be lynched, sir, for attempting to sleep with my sister contrary to the laws of the Commonwealth, and against the peace and dignity of the State?"

Looking at the tan-colored sister, I could but answer in the affirmative.

"And now what do you propose to do about it?" cried the fat gentleman.

"Why," said I, "I'm very sorry, sir; and for you, madam, I beg your pardon. It was a mistake, I assure you, and my friend Williamson will tell you so."

"Quite likely, sir; but suppose such miserable mistakes should become common? They must be nipped in the bud, sir, nipped in the bud," and the fat gentleman looked exceedingly fierce. "To come to the point, you must either marry my sister, or—"



# THE GAZETTE.

H. A. COFIELD, Editor.

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SAN FRANCISCO AGENCY.—L. P. Fisher, Rooms 20 and 21 Merchants' Exchange Building, California street, is our only authorized Agent in San Francisco to receive advertisements and subscriptions, payable only in gold or silver coin.

The Gazette—Volume 12.

With this issue, the GAZETTE enters upon its 12th volume and the 12th year of publication. San Mateo, as a county, was in its infancy when the GAZETTE was first started eleven years ago, but within that eleven years important changes have taken place, not only in the county generally, but in our own town of Redwood City. It is consoling to think that those changes have been for the better instead of going backwards like many or all of the once populous mining counties of the State. The growth of our county partakes of that permanency peculiar to the old settled localities in the eastern States, and every indication is in favor of its continued prosperity. Possessed of one of the most salubrious climates in the world, of soil which has no superior in fertility, its close proximity to San Francisco, and its railroad and water communication with that city and other parts of the State, all combine to render San Mateo County one of the most prosperous and wealthy counties in California. It is not only a good county to live in, but as every one must die sooner or later, we have no scruples about recommending it as a very desirable county to die in. The GAZETTE will in the future as in the past, endeavor to the best of its ability, to advance the interests and prosperity of the county and its people. Politically, the paper will pursue the same course as formerly, which is tantamount to saying that it will be independent. A newspaper is no less independent because it endorses the principles or acts of one political party and condemns those of another party. The GAZETTE has never been controlled by any party or clique since it came under the control of the present publishers, and it is our intention that it never shall. It has been our aim to render the GAZETTE an acceptable visitor in the family circle as well as in the workshop; and it will be our purpose in the future, to try, and merit a continuance of the former good will and patronage of the citizens of San Mateo county. It is not an easy thing to always present a paper full of matter which will be considered interesting or useful to everybody, neither is it a very easy matter to fill two or three columns with local news when there is really nothing occurring out of the usual order of things. An editor is not omnipotent or ubiquitous, if he was, he wouldn't ask any favors of any one in the way of picking up news. We want everybody who has knowledge of anything occurring anywhere in the county that would be of interest to the public to know, to send us the items at once. Never mind about putting them in proper shape—give us the facts and we will give them shape. Everybody don't like our ideas upon politics, religion, women's rights, or any other subject, they are at liberty to use our columns for the purpose of setting us right. When we assumed control of the GAZETTE four years ago the first of last January, we found the paper in a rather demoralized condition—financially and intellectually, and we feel some little satisfaction in being able to say that we have more than doubled the subscription list since purchasing the office. We want to double it again.

PASSED.—The Road law, providing that each of the townships in this county may, by a vote, raise money by means of county bonds for road purposes, has passed the Assembly and Senate, and only awaits the Governor's approval or disapproval.

VERIED.—Governor Haight vetoed the bill empowering the counties of Stanislaus, Merced, Fresno, Tulare and Kern, to aid a railroad through said counties, and also the bill authorizing San Francisco, Monterey and San Luis Obispo, to aid the construction of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

JOURNAL AND ARGUS.—We notice that the Petaluma Journal & Argus came out in a clean new dress last week, and looks as neat and tidy as anybody's paper. The Journal is a good paper, and from a glance at its advertising columns, we judge Petaluma is a good place for publishers of newspapers to live in. We congratulate the Journal proprietors on their good luck in possessing the "see-fu", herewith to purchase a new suit for their paper.

THANKS.—The Catholics of this place wish to tender their thanks to Mrs. Gordon for the liberal donation of trees for the church lot in this town.

Spring trade—the watch business.

## The way it Works—Sometimes.

Some men are born great, while others have greatness thrust upon them, and it is not unfrequently happens that those who have greatness thrust upon them turn and kick those who have been mainly instrumental in their elevation. Some people are very apt to forget their friends and only seek to conciliate their enemies. It is no very uncommon thing to see the created undertake to be a little above the creator. A man is lifted into some office—not because he has any particular claim or right to it, nor because he is better qualified for the position than many others, but simply through the generosity and good will of a confiding constituency. He feels above no one while courting the suffrages of the people, and feels specially interested in securing the friendship and assistance of the county papers. Without the good will of the local paper, candidates frequently find a hard road to travel while in pursuit of office. We are forced to say that some successful candidates seem to entirely forget that their obligations to their constituents do not terminate the moment they ascertain that they have been elected to an office. These thoughts suggest themselves to us while thinking of Mr. Finney, who the Republican party in this county brought forth from obscurity and elected Assemblyman at the last general election. He had been a resident of the county but a short time, and was unknown and unheard of outside of the little community in which he lived previous to his nomination. We presume Mr. Finney considers himself under no obligations to us for his present position, but we really feel a little guilty of complicity in aiding his election.

We regret the necessity for speaking unkindly of the course pursued by Mr. Finney since his election, not only on his own account, but from the fact that he has friends of high respectability, whose feelings and opinions we respect. Mr. Finney stated in the Convention, previous to his nomination, that he was almost a total stranger in the county, and was totally unacquainted with the wants of the people of the county, and that he should rely solely upon their opinions and wishes as to all local matters. This was all very proper, but as to how far he has fulfilled this pledge, we leave the people of the county to judge for themselves. If anybody is aware of his having consulted more than one or two men in relation to the local wants of San Mateo County, then we would be glad to be apprised of the fact. Instead of his having consulted his constituents, it would seem that he has taken special pains to keep them in utter ignorance of what he has been doing; for, outside of parties specially interested in private schemes, he has not sent a copy of a single local or other bill to a soul in this county. He has totally ignored even the common courtesy invariably practiced by all our former Representatives, as well as the Representatives of other counties, and that is, he has not sent the copy of a single local bill, or of any document whatever, to the GAZETTE—apparently having forgotten that there was such a paper published in San Mateo County. We even telegraphed him on one occasion, at our own expense, to send us a copy of a local bill which was of importance to many of our citizens, but he declined to pay the slightest attention to our dispatch, although we know he received it. Had it have been a dispatch from Judge Tompkins it would have received prompt attention, no doubt. We have no room for further comments, but the time may come when it will be handy to say more.

A CHY FOR BRAD.—Two or three thousand hungry men went in a body to the Mayor's office in San Francisco, on last Tuesday, and demanded work or bread. There is no doubt about there being a large number of men in San Francisco who are in destitute circumstances, but it is quite probable that a large number of them would much prefer to have the bread without work. The fact is, every idle man in the country finds his way to San Francisco, where bumming has become more systematized than it is in the country. There are plenty of chances for a no king man to earn his grub in the mining counties of this State, and lay up a few dollars besides. It is perfectly folly to think that San Francisco is the only place in which a poor man can earn a living. If a Chinaman can make a living in this country, need a white man starve?

JON WORK.—Having just made extensive additions to our variety of job type, we are prepared to execute all orders for job work in as good style and as cheap as it can be obtained in San Francisco. We can print anything from a small professional or business card up to a mammoth poster. Particular attention will be given to printing bill-heads. We invite the patronage of our business community who may require anything in the line of printing.

## The Law of Whipping Generally.

The Board of Education in San Francisco have fully exonerated Robertson from all blame for whipping the Goldsmith boy so outrageously a short time ago. They sought and obtained the opinion of several eminent lawyers and experts as to the right of a teacher to chastise a pupil, and the opinions thus obtained were unanimously in favor of the right to whip. Opinions were hunted up from musty old volumes of the last century, which established this right in a teacher.

If a man wishes to give his wife or servant a chastigation, we can show him fully as high as well as ancient authority for doing so. We need go no further back than Blackstone's time, which is but a little over a century ago, to find that the law permitted a man to "chastise his wife in the same moderation that he would his apprentices or children." (1st Blackstone, p. 444.)

There is an abundance of authority found in the old law books which expressly acknowledges the right of a man to administer a chastigation to his wife, his servant, or his apprentice. But we hardly think that this would be recognized as sound and judicious doctrine for the present generation. Still, there may be cases where a good "whaling" might improve the behavior of a wife or servant, besides which it would afford infinite satisfaction to the party who done the "whaling." We wonder whether the decision of the Board of Education of San Francisco will have a tendency to demoralize the teachers to the same extent that the decision in the Police Court did the pupils.

## PRAISE THE LORD.

The Constitution of this State terminates the eighteenth session of the Legislature on next Monday. The people will breathe a little more freely for the next two years—unless they suffer from stranguation from the legislation already inflicted upon them by the unprincipled law-makers of the present session. It is getting to be a serious question as to whether it would not be a blessing to the State if the Legislature was abolished altogether. It is quite probable that if the question was submitted to a vote of the people within thirty days from this time, there would be an overwhelming majority in favor of a total abolition of the Legislative system of California, or at least that the sessions be held not oftener than once in twenty-five or fifty years. There is no use in saying that this would not do for the reason that bad laws need repealing or amending, and that better laws are required. We think that the experience of the past few years must satisfy any observant person that instead of the laws of the State being improved by constant legislation, or instead of obnoxious laws being repealed and good, wholesome laws substituted in their stead, that bad laws are continually being piled up in our statute books. Instead of our legislators looking to see what existing laws can be improved so as to render them more beneficial to the people, they rack their brains to devise some new scheme for swindling the people.

That there has been but little legislation during the present session through honest motives and good intentions, there is no room for doubt. Members votes have been in the market to the highest bidder, either for cash or scrip.

## GOOD AUTHORITY.

The Placer Herald, the oldest, ablest and staunchest Democratic newspaper in California, in speaking of the thieving Legislature of this State, uses the following severe and well sensible language:

"The truth is, we regard one-fourth of the members as incompetent—better fitted by nature and education to sit on eggs than in the Legislature; another fourth as rascals of more or less ability, and the other half as men of good intentions, and many of them of more than ordinary ability. The Constitutional provision adjourning the Legislature at the end of 120 days is good—it ought to be 90 days."

We concur.

## Death of Major General Thomas.

The community was startled on last Monday evening by the announcement of the death of Major General George H. Thomas, Commander of the Military Division of the Pacific. He went to his office in San Francisco about noon on last Monday, in apparently good health, and was engaged in the transaction of some business, when he was seized with a sudden fainting fit and fell to the floor. Medical attendance was immediately procured and he was partially restored—conversing with his wife and friends. He was finally seized with a shock of apoplexy and died at 7 1/2 p.m. General Thomas was one of the most popular Generals in the Union Army during the late rebellion. His remains were taken East in a special car on last Thursday attended by an escort of officers and soldiers of the army.

Young ladies are invited to say Miss Myth Smith.

## Liabilities of Trustees—A Caution.

The exact liability of persons accepting of the position of a trustee, is perhaps as little understood as that of any other position in which a man may be placed. A case has recently been determined by the Supreme Court of this State in which several of our citizens were interested, and which resulted in an unexpectedly involving them in a pecuniary loss of some \$2,500, merely because they were so ungracious as to consent to have their names used as trustees in a deed of a building and lot for a seminary in this town. The Court might have found abundant authority in the books upon which they based the decision, but nevertheless we cannot do otherwise than say that in this particular case, a great injustice has been done to innocent parties, and no sort of reasoning upon any known principles of equity or common sense, can make it appear right. The facts of the case to which we allude are as follows. Some five or six years ago, Horace Hawes, who had a building which he had erected in this town for the purpose of a printing office and public library, after abandoning that project and finding the property useless as it was, conceived the idea of founding an academy for the purpose of carrying out his plans, he solicited and obtained the consent of B. G. Lathrop, T. H. Selby, George H. Kellogg, Charles Livingston and Bishop Ingraham Kipp, to accept of the position of trustees for the purpose of putting the school into operation. A deed was duly executed by Mr. Hawes to the above named parties and their successors, of the property, in trust for the uses and purposes specified in the deed. The trustees wishing to see an institution of learning established in Redwood City, accepted the trust in good faith, and being aware that the building was wholly inadequate for the uses designed, proceeded to erect additional buildings at their own expense—looking to the future prosperity of the school and luck, for the return of the money advanced. The trustees expended some \$2,000 in new buildings and furniture, and for the purpose of protecting themselves against a total loss of their money, they effected an insurance upon the property of \$2,000. The Institute was duly put into operation and did fair to prove a success, but after the elapse of a year or so, the buildings and furniture were totally destroyed by fire. The trustees received the insurance money which scarcely left them even, and not wishing to incur the expense of rebuilding the Institute, and at the suggestion of Mr. Hawes as we have been informed the trustees recovered the property back to Mr. Hawes. Nothing was said in the mean time in regard to the insurance money, and as Hawes had no insurance upon the property, the trustees hadn't the remotest idea of any one being entitled to the insurance except themselves. But imagine their surprise when they found a suit commenced in the District court against them by Mr. Hawes for the recovery of the amount of the insurance. Hawes recovered judgment in the District court and the trustees appealed the case to the Supreme court, and the judgment was affirmed by that court. The result of the decision was, that the trustees have been compelled to pay about \$2,500 a principal interest, and costs, besides counsel fees, to say nothing of the trouble and annoyance they have necessarily been subjected to. This is the reward of a few disinterested citizens for their gratuitous services in a laudable, although unprofitable enterprise, which was designed to be a public, not a private benefit, to the community. The Supreme court say in their decision: "When the duties of the defendants, as trustees terminated, it became their duty to pay over to the plaintiff, all the money which they had insured, because the addition built by them, reached the original building." It will be seen from a statement of the facts and the decision of this case, that it stands people in hand to be cautious how they handle other people's property.

Seek not proud riches; but such as thou mayest get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly.

The human heart is made for love, as the household hearth for fire; and for truth as the household lamp for light.

A thorn in the bush is worth two in the hand.

## OUR NEW DRESS.

It is with no little pride that we are enabled to present the GAZETTE to our readers this week in an entire new dress.

No one will say that it did not need it, and nobody can fail to observe the great improvement in the appearance of the paper. It will also be seen that we have enlarged the GAZETTE by the addition of another column to each page; besides which, a smaller type has been adopted—all of which will enable us to give our readers more reading matter, and at the same time afford additional space for advertisements.

Our new type is of California manufacture, and is from the Pioneer Type Foundry of Faulkner & Son, San Francisco. We had contemplated this improvement for some time past, but concluded to wait until the commencement of the new volume. We hope our subscribers will be as well pleased with the change in the appearance of the GAZETTE as we are. All that is now required to make us happy and serene is plenty of cash subscribers and advertisers. All such we are ready to accommodate.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.—B. F. Cooper, Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, and general merchandise. He has a large stock and variety of goods, and is constantly receiving new additions. See Cooper's column.

Martin Kuck, at the old stand of Kuck Brothers, has a good stock of groceries, provisions, clothing, boots and shoes, etc. He also keeps the Buckeye Reaper and Mower for sale. See advertisement in another column.

City Market.—Joseph Smith—the irrepressible butcher of Redwood City, is boss of the old City Market on Bridge street, where he will always be on hand to cut any kind of meat for his customers. See his advertisement.

Eureka Store and Brewery.—J. H. Offerman & Co. are still flourishing at the old "Eureka Corner." They have a large stock of goods of every variety which they propose to sell cheap. They have just completed the erection of an extensive brewery upon the old Armory Hall premises. See their advertisement in another column.

People from remote parts of the county coming to Redwood City to trade, should examine the GAZETTE to ascertain where to go for bargains.

## General Debility is Nature's Appeal for Help.

Thousands of persons, without any special ailment, are the victims of languor and lassitude. The unthinking are apt to confound this species of inaction, with laziness; whereas it usually arises from a want of organic energy, for which the subjects of it are no more responsible than the near-sighted are for their defective vision. Such persons, although they may be free from pain, are as truly invalids, and as much in need of medical aid, as if they were tormented with the pangs of acute disease. They require a TONIC and ALTERNATIVE, that will rouse and regulate their torpid organizations. In cases of this kind HOSPIETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS produce an immediate and most favorable effect. The debilitated and desponding valetudinarian, who feels as if he were but half alive; who shuns company, and has no relish either for business or pleasure, is metamorphosed by a brief course of this most potent & valuable invigorant into quite a different being. The change effected by the BITTERS, in his bodily and mental condition is a surprise to himself and to his friends. He mopes no longer; the active principle of life, which seemed to have died out of him, is re-awakened, and he feels like a new man. Remembering that debility is not only an affliction itself, but an invitation to disease, no time should be lost in recruiting the broken-down system with this choicest and most potent of all TONICS and NERVINES.

He that forecasts what may happen will never be surprised. It is too late to aim when the enemy is at our quarters.

## Commercial Record.

Friday, April 1st, 1870.  
Legal Tenders—buying, 89 1/2; selling, 90.  
San Francisco Market Report.  
FLOUR—Superfine, \$4 25; \$4 50; Extra, \$5 25; \$5 50.  
WHEAT—\$1 40; \$1 60.  
BAY—\$1 00; \$1 15.  
OATS—\$1 25; \$1 50.  
POTATOES—\$1 90; \$2 25.  
HAY—\$10; \$12.  
STRAW—\$1; \$1.12.  
FRESH ROLL BUTTER—28 cts.  
CALIFORNIA CHEESE—14 cts. 18 cts.  
EGGS—24; 25 cts.  
POULTRY—Hens, \$10; \$11; Spring Chickens, \$6 50; \$8.  
DUCKS—Time, \$12; \$14.

## AMERICAN HOUSE,

Main Street, Redwood City.

HAVING LEASED THE ABOVE Hotel for a term of years, we are determined to keep a first class house, and in such a manner as to merit the patronage of the community and traveling public. The rooms are neatly furnished and well ventilated, and the table supplied with the best the market affords.

Connected with the house is a Bar stocked with choice Ales, Wines, Cigars, etc.; also, a first class Billiard Table.

Stages arrive and depart daily for Woodside, Searsville and Summit Springs. my 1341 FRANK DOUTTRICK & Co.

## LOOK HERE! LOOK HERE!

1854. 1870.

## PIONEER STORE!

Main Street,

(opposite Tremont House.)

REDWOOD CITY.

B. F. COOPER,

Proprietor.

This old and well established stand, is now, as it always has been, well stocked with a general assortment of merchandise, of a quality not to be surpassed on this coast and for sale at prices to suit the times. I make it a point to keep nothing but the very best of goods, and I will sell them as cheap for cash as they can be bought for in any retail store in the State. Appreciating the liberal patronage that has been bestowed on me, I would call the attention of the Public to a partial list of my stock. And by fair dealing and strict attention to business, hope to merit a continuance of the same.

DRY GOODS,

DRESS TRIMMINGS,

HOSIERY,

KID GLOVES,

All of the best makers,

Thompson's Glove-Fitting Corsets,

An endless variety of

FANCY GOODS,

HOOP SKIRTS,

Special attention called to my large stock of

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S

SHOES,

Men's and Boys' clothing,

Furnishing Goods,

Boots and Shoes, and

HATS,

The finest and most varied to be found in the County.

We sell the

Star Shirts.

Clocks.

Agent for the SETH THOMAS' celebrated

Clocks, the best in the world.

Crocery, Glassware and Stoneware,

LOOKING-GLASSES,

LAMPS AND LANTERNS,

in great variety,

TRUNKS and VALISES,

WOOD and WILLOWWARE,

Hardware, Hardware,

Special attention called to this department.

Coal Oil,

China Nut,

Neats-foot,

Lard,

Castor,

and Lucine Oils.

Chewing & Smoking Tobacco,

Etc., Etc.

GROCERIES,

No one but the choicest kept.

Agent for Santa Cruz Lime,

cement, plaster, and Monterey sand

Highest price paid for fresh Eggs, and good Butter.

Goods delivered to any portion of Redwood City, Menlo Park, and Belmont free of charge.

B. F. COOPER, Redwood City, April 2d, 1870.

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Old Eureka Corner, (Corner of Main and Bridge Streets) IELWOOD CITY.

THE UNDERSIGNED KEEPS constantly on hand a large and well assorted

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, CLOTHING,

Boots and Shoes.

HATS & CAPS,

FLOUR, HAMS, BACON,

LARD, BUTTER, LIQUORS, WINES, TOBACCO,

And a general variety of Merchandise, all which will be sold at the lowest prices.

Goods Delivered Free of Charge.

In any part of Redwood City or Vicinity.

We also have just completed our Brewery, which will be known as the

"EUREKA BREWERY."

And are prepared to furnish the best quality of Beer in any quantity desired at reasonable rates.

"Quick sales and small profits" is our motto.

JOHN H. OFFERMAN & CO.

April 2, 1870

Promotee to be given and Ball!

to be given by

Redwood City Cornet Band,

assisted by

ROGER'S AMATEURS of San Francisco,

forming a band of TWENTY-FIVE Pieces,

at Gymnasium hall, Redwood City, FRIDAY

evening, commencing at 8 o'clock. Every effort

will be made to furnish the managers to

the pleasure of the audience.

Committee to Arrangements.—P. Doyle,

A. E. Cornell, John P. Warren, W. J. Wilson,

Floor Managers.—J. Freeman, C. P. Fox,

P. Doyle, A. T. Warren.

Reception Committee.—The Band.

Tickets for Seats and Ball, One Dollar.

Supper extra. The public are invited.

AT THE OLD STAND!

MARTIN KUCK,

Proprietor, A Street,

Redwood City,

Consistently on hand and for sale at the lowest

market prices.

Groceries, Provisions,

Clothing,

HardWare, Woodware,

CROCKERY, FLOUR, FEED,

TOBACCO and CIGARS, WINES and

LIQUORS, HAMS and BACON,

The highest price paid for country produce.

Also, agent for the sale of the celebrated

BUCKEYE MOWER AND

REAPER

MARTIN KUCK, April 2d, 1870.

can exchange article

of granulated Vir-

ginia wherever it is mul-

versally admitted. It is put up in handsome

muslin bags, in which orders for Messrs. Lathrop

Pipes are daily packed.

is cleared by all who

consume it as the

most valuable article

made of the choicest

leaf grown; it is anti-rheumatic in its effects, as

the Nicotine has been extracted; it leaves no

disagreeable taste after smoking; it is very

rich in color and weight, and weighs one

pound will last as long as three of ordinary

tobacco. In this brand we also pack orders

every day for first quality Messrs. Lathrop

Pipes. They find you know yourself it is

all it claims to be "the finest of all."

This brand of Fine

Century

Chewing Tobacco

has no equal or su-

perior anywhere. It

is without doubt the best chewing tobacco in

the country.

have now been in

general use in the







# THE GAZETTE.

"HOW IS THAT FOR HIGH?"

I can't exactly comprehend  
The meaning of a comic friend,  
Who "rops in" for a drink, when dry,  
And asks me "How is that for high?"

Then hovering around the bar,  
He grabs a twenty-cent cigar,  
I tip the money with a sigh—  
He warbles, "How is that for high?"

You ask a pretty girl to wed,  
She tosses scornfully her head,  
There's cold refusal in her eye—  
She murmurs, "How is that for high?"

But, when you go with her to walk,  
She feels inclined for friendly talk;  
Compelling you "some things" to buy;  
You mutter, "How is that for high?"

You go into a nice saloon;  
She sips her jelly with a spoon;  
You ask a kiss "just on the sly,"  
And chuckle, "How is that for high?"

She raises high her little fist,  
And gives your nose an awful twist;  
You quickly know the reason why—  
She sneers out, "How is that for high?"

When she has eaten quite her fill,  
You may pay a most enormous bill,  
And grumble—she exclaims "Oh, he!"  
And asks you "How is that for high?"

When you get out, some other chap,  
Quite jealous, "fatches you a rap"—  
As in the gutter snuff you lie,  
He blusters, "How is that for high?"

You drop the girl—she calls it rude;  
For "breach of promise" you are sued;  
A jury cautions you to cry,  
"Good gracious! how is that for high?"

You meet a lady at the play,  
And find her sociable and gay;  
To win her smiles you quickly try,  
And think—"Now how is that for high?"

You see her home—she asks you in,  
This beauty you feel sure to win,  
All interruptions you defy,  
Inquiring, "How is that for high?"

You tell your love an hour or more—  
There comes a knock upon the door,  
The lady whispers "You must fly—  
My husband—now is that for high?"

A giant comes—you quake with fear,  
He asks, "What are you doing here?  
Come, no apologies—  
Don't border—how is that for high?"

You "settle" with what funds you've got;  
And leave with anger burning hot,  
When next the "lady" meets your eye,  
She simpers, "How was that for high?"

You meet some day a "dandy swell,"  
And know the fellow very well,  
As a moon-walker, passing by,  
He snivels, "How is that for high?"

A dashing team is on the road—  
Two fellows, "dressed up in the mode,"  
Are driving, and in sport you cry,  
"Two tailors—how is that for high?"

When Satan gets some souls below,  
He'll toss them wildly to and fro,  
And, as upon the coals they fry,  
He'll bellow, "How is that for high?"

## I'VE BEEN THINKING.

I'm thinking of the time, Kate,  
When sitting by thy side,  
And picking beans, I gazed on thee,  
And felt a peacock's pride.

In silence leaned we o'er the pan,  
And neither spoke a word;  
But the rattling of the beans, Kate,  
Was all the sound we heard.

Thy auburn curls hung down, Kate,  
And kissed thy lily cheek;  
Thy azure eyes, half-filled with tears,  
Bespoke a spirit meek.

To be so charmed as I was then  
Had never before occurred;  
When the rattling of the beans, Kate,  
Was all the sound I heard.

I thought it was not wrong, Kate,  
When leaning o'er the dish,  
As you snatched up a lot of beans,  
I snatched a nectared kiss.

A sudden shower made blind my eyes;  
I neither saw nor stirred;  
But the rattling of the beans, Kate,  
Was all the sound I heard.

A DISGUSTED DUTCHMAN.—A Dutchman left Austin for White Pine with something less than a mule load of provisions, tools and blankets, carrying them on his back. On his arrival, not finding a good claim come and meet him, he took on a big disgust, and left for Austin, carrying with him his tools, blankets and provisions. On his way home a man driving an empty wagon overtook him, and seeing him so heavily loaded, asked him if he would like to ride. "No, py got!" was his reply. "But," says the teamster, "my wagon is empty, and you are perfectly welcome." "No, py got!" replied he, "I learns dis Dutchman some things! I learns him to go to Vite Pines! He carries tesse blankets, py tam!"

A COW SURPRISED.—Yesterday morning, the engineer of the train on the California Pacific Railroad, while running between Vallejo and Bridgeport, discovered a cow on the track. He blew his whistle, but the bovine paid no attention to the alarm. Seeing this, the engineer put on full steam and run down upon the animal at full speed, and caught her upon the cow-catcher and tossed her about thirty feet from the track. The engine was uninjured, but somebody's cow won't go home any more.

"Doctor, what do you think is the matter with my little boy?" "Why, it's only a corrupted exegesis antispasmodically emanating from the germ of the animal refrigerator producing a prolific source of irritability in the pericranial epidemics of the mental profundity." "Ah! that's what I told Betsy, but she loved it was wurrums."

Every Jack should have his gill, but the trouble is, Jack always wants a quart.

## States—When Settled and Admitted into the Union.

1607—Virginia settled by the English.  
1611—New York settled by the Dutch.  
1620—Massachusetts settled by the Puritans.  
1624—New Jersey settled by the Dutch.  
1628—Delaware settled by the Danes and Fins.  
1635—Maryland settled by the Irish Catholics, under Lord Baltimore.  
1639—Rhode Island settled by Roger Williams. English.  
1636—North Carolina settled by the English.  
1670—South Carolina settled by the Huguenots.  
1682—Pennsylvania settled by William Penn.  
1732—Georgia settled by Oglethorpe.  
1791—Vermont admitted into the Union.  
1792—Kentucky admitted into the Union.  
1796—Tennessee admitted into the Union.  
1802—Ohio admitted into the Union.  
1811—Louisiana admitted into the Union.  
1816—Indiana admitted into the Union.  
1816—Mississippi admitted into the Union.  
1818—Illinois admitted into the Union.  
1818—Alabama admitted into the Union.  
1820—Maine admitted into the Union.  
1821—Missouri admitted into the Union.  
1836—Michigan admitted into the Union.  
1836—Arkansas admitted into the Union.  
1845—Florida admitted into the Union.  
1845—Texas admitted into the Union.  
1846—Iowa admitted into the Union.  
1846—Wisconsin admitted into the Union.  
1850—California admitted into the Union.  
1860—Kansas admitted into the Union.  
1860—Oregon admitted into the Union.  
1863—West Virginia admitted into the Union.  
1864—Nevada admitted into the Union.

BOXING CHILDREN'S EARS.—A physiological journal condemns the practice of boxing children's ears. We had supposed, in this advanced age of civilization, that such barbarous punishments were only remembered as relics of the darker ages. But it appears that the practice is sufficiently common in some sections of the country to call forth a decided remonstrance. Beside being a brutal method of punishment, it is dangerous. The passage of the ear is closed by a thin membrane, especially adapted to be influenced by every impulse of the air, and with nothing but the air to support it internally. If any one designed to break overstretch the membrane, he could scarcely devise a more effective means than to bang the hand suddenly and forcibly down upon the passage of the ear, thus driving the air violently before it, with no possibility for its escape, but by the membrane giving way. Many children are made deaf in this way.

A man and wife were sitting at breakfast the other day; the husband was trying to read the paper while his wife was lecturing him on his dissipated hours. He suddenly looked up from his paper and said: "Here's a perfectly correct sentiment. A writer in this paper says: 'The best capital to begin life with is a capital wife.' 'That's very true my dear,' replied the wife smiling, in order that her remark might elicit a compliment; 'but where can you always get them?' 'In the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, of course.' As sympathetic novelists say: 'We will not invade this scene of quiet domestic felicity.'"

There is probably not another word in the English language that can be worse 'twisted' than that which composes the burden of the ensuing lines:

Write me know is written right,  
When we see it written right;  
But when we see it written wrong;  
We know 'tis not then written right,  
For write, to have it written right,  
Must not be written right nor wrong.

Nor yet should it be written rite,  
But write—for so it's written right.

Iron poker is the latest improvement in school discipline in Indiana. The result of their first introduction is not quite satisfactory, however, being a boy killed and a teacher in prison, with a good chance of hanging.

Fontenelle thus daintily compares women and clocks: "The latter serve to point out the hours, the former to make us forget them."

## Tea and Coffee.

A cup of coffee and tea at the morning and evening meals, adds to human health and life, according to Hall's Journal of Health, but there should be no increase in strength, quantity, nor frequency of indulgence. The Journal asserts that judicious use of tea and coffee saves life, where a glass of water would have destroyed it, and says these beverages are a necessity. We quote the annexed extract:

We will drink at our meals, and if we do not drink these we will drink what is worse—cold water, milk, or alcoholic mixtures. The regular use of these last will lead to drunkenness; the considerable employment of simple milk at meals, by sedentary people—by all except the robust—will either constipate or render bilious; while cold water, largely used, that is, to the extent of a glass or two at a meal, especially in cold weather, attracts to itself so much of the heat of the system in raising said water to the temperature of the body—about one hundred degrees—that the process of digestion is arrested; in the meanwhile, giving rise to a deadly sickness of stomach to twisting pains, to vomiting, purging, and even to cramps, to fearful contortions, and sudden; which things would have been averted, had even the same amount of liquor, in the shape of simple hot water been used.

WHAT IS SIOUX SCRIP.—We would say that Sioux Scrip was issued to the Sioux and Dakota Indians, and other half breeds, according to Act of Congress approved July 17, 1864. The scrip was not to embrace more than 640 or less than 49 acres in one lot, to each of those entitled to an interest in the Reservation lying on the west side of Lake Pepin and the Mississippi river in Minnesota. The Act permitted the location of this scrip on "any lands of the Reservation, or upon any other unoccupied lands subject to preemption or private sale, or upon any other unsurveyed lands, not reserved by Government, upon which they have respectively made improvements. It was especially provided "that no transfer or conveyance of any of said certificates or scrip shall be valid." Yet the land-grabbers got hold of the scrip, by having it printed with a power of Attorney attached, and located it in great part in California thousands of acres of this scrip are located in Santa Cruz, Stanislaus, Merced, Monterey, Kern and San Luis Obispo and other counties, by the San Francisco land sharks.—Santa Cruz Sentinel.

MARK TIME, BOYS!—The young women of Winterset, Iowa, have adopted a war platform. They propose to reform the young men of their town. Our Redwood City girls would do well to follow copy. If they do their masculine friends have but one resort, to come down at once. The platform of these reformers is as curt as hasty pudding. Whereas, we mean business, there fore be it

Resolved, That we will not accommodate any young men to church, or other places of amusement, who use tobacco in any manner.

Resolved, That we discard all young men who play billiards, euchre or poker.

Resolved, That young men who indulge in profane language need not apply.

Resolved, That we will not, by 'hook, look or crook,' notice any young man who indulges in a get or whiskey.

Resolved, That we will not harbor young men known to keep late hours.

## HIDING THE FAULTS OF OTHERS.

A painter was once engaged upon a likeness of Alexander the Great. In the course of his battles Alexander had received an ugly scar on the side of his face. The artist was desirous of giving a correct likeness of the monarch, and at the same time desirous of hiding the scar. It was a difficult task to accomplish. At length he hit upon a happy expedient. He painted him a reflective attitude. He had placed against his head, while his finger covered the scar.

The best man are not without their failings; their scars—but do not dwell upon them. In speaking of them adopt the painter's expedient, and let the finger of love be placed on the scar.

A young lady in Iowa, wanting to commit suicide in as pleasant a way as possible, made a nice cake to put her poison in.

## THE JOCKY-CLUB PERFUME.—Es-

sence of horse-radish.

## Josh Billings in the Editorial Chair.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.  
Fred—You ain't obliged to ask the girl's mother if you can go home with her from a party; get the girl's endorsement and go in; it is proper enough to ask her to take your arm, but you have no right to put your arm around her waist unless you meet a bear on the road, and then you are supposed to relinquish your hold as soon as the bear gets safely by.

Whip—you are right; mules live to a lonely age. I have known them myself to live one hundred years and not half try. You are also right about their being sure-footed: I have known them to kick a boy twice in a second, ten feet off. The mule is a larger bird than the guse or the turkey. It has two legs to walk with and wears its wings on the side of its head.

Gertrude—Your inquiry stumps me. The more I think about it, the more I can't tell. As near as I recollect now, I think I don't know—Much might be said both ways; neither may be right. Upon the whole, I think that I would or wouldn't, just as I think best or otherwise.

Plutarch—You're mistaken; when the Shakers fall in love they are set to weedin' onions, which cures them forthwithly. Can't tell you how much it takes to join the Shakers, but I believe the expense used to be, including having your hair cut and learning to dance, about 55 dollars.

Sportsman—Your enquiry is not in my line, but I haste to reply as follows, to wit: The right length to cut off a dog's tail has never been fully discovered, but it is undoubtedly somewhere back of the ears, provided you get the dog's consent. N. B.—It isn't necessary to have the dog's consent in writing.

Kitty—To my own personal views in the premises, it appears that the best rat and mice exterminator is a well regulated Thomas cat: beware of base imitations; sold by the respectable druggists.

EDITING A PAPER.—The following was found in the office of an editor by the county sheriff:

Editing a paper is a very pleasant business.

If it contains too much political matter people won't have it.

If it contains too little they won't have it.

If the type is large it don't contain enough reading matter.

If the type is small they can't read it.

If we publish telegraph reports folks say they are nothing but lies.

If we omit them people say we have no enterprise, or suppress them for political effect.

If we have in a few jokes people say we are nothing but a rattle head.

If we publish original matter they damn us for not giving selections.

If we publish selections folks say we are lazy for not writing more, and giving them what they have not read before in some other paper.

If we give a man complimentary notices we are censured for being partial.

If we do not, all hands say we are a great hog.

If we insert articles which please the ladies, men become jealous.

If we do not cater to their wishes the paper is not a fit one to have in their houses.

If we attend church they say it is only for effect.

If we do not, they denounce us as deceitful and desperately wicked.

If we speak well of any act of the President folks say we dare not do otherwise.

If we censure, they call us a traitor.

If we stay in our office and attend to business, folks say we are too proud to mingle with our fellows.

If we go out they say we never attend to business.

If we do not pay all bills promptly folks say we are not to be trusted.

If we do pay promptly they say we are subsidized.

## NAILS IN THE FOOT.—To get relief from the terrible effects of running a nail in the foot of a man or horse, take peach leaves, bruise them, apply to the wound, confine with a bandage, and the cure is as if by magic. Renew the application twice a day if necessary, but one application generally does the work.

Both man and horse have, in a few hours, when apparently on the point of having the lockjaw, been cured.

True liberty allows each individual to do all the good he can for himself without injuring his neighbor.

## Important Discovery.

A correspondent of the New York Herald is enthusiastic over a chemical discovery recently made, and which he asserts has been thoroughly tested in the person of a well-known chemist, at the Seaman's Retreat, Staten Island. The discovery is certainly important, if it is what the writer claims it is:

"To reduce into the fewest words, the 'discovery' consists in so concentrating the nutritious properties of vegetable and animal matter that one pound is quite sufficient to nourish—and even increase in strength—a healthy man for two weeks. That is, about one ounce of this highly concentrated food is sufficient to sustain a man of average capacity for twenty-four hours. Prof. Schule, it is asserted, was given one pound of the new food, and here is what is said of him and it: 'He remained during two full weeks, under strict watchfulness, at the Retreat. He was placed in a room specially prepared for the purpose at the Hospital, provided with only one pound of the compound, and at the expiration of the time came forth as fresh, hearty and healthy in body and mind as if he had passed his time in the luxuries of Delmonico's kitchen.' If, indeed, this food is what it is said to be, it will prove a discovery of inestimable value to the world. Armies will no longer be forced to remain idle at enormous expense, waiting for the quartermaster's trains to come up, nor will foreigners or marines on the seas, shipwrecked or detained by adverse winds, be in danger of starvation. If the new food preparation is of real value, the world will not be kept long in ignorance of its existence."

The servant of an army officer one day met a cirony, who inquired of him how he liked his frey master, "O, excellently!" answered the servant, "we live on very friendly terms every morning we beat each others coats; the only difference is, he beats his off to be beaten, and I keep mine on."

An invincible wit and punster asked the captain of a craft loaded with boards, how he managed to get dinner on the passage. "Why," replied the skipper, "we always cook aboard." "Cook a board, do you!" rejoined the wag; "then I see you have been well supplied with provisions this trip at all events."

Be always sure of doing good—This will make your life comfortable your death happy, and your account glorious.

## Government of the United States.

THE NATIONAL EXECUTIVE.  
Ulysses S. Grant, of Illinois, President of the United States.  
Vice President, Schuyler Colfax, of Indiana.

## THE CABINET.

Hamilton Fish, of New York, Secretary of State.  
George S. Boutwell, of Massachusetts, Secretary of the Treasury.  
James Belknap, of Iowa, Secretary of War.  
Geo. B. Robeson, of New Jersey, Secretary of the Navy.  
J. D. Cox, of Ohio, Secretary of the Interior.  
Judge Hoar, of Massachusetts, Attorney General.  
John A. Cresswell, of Maryland, Postmaster General.

## THE JUDICIARY.

U. S. Supreme Court.  
Salmon P. Chase, of Ohio, Chief Justice.  
Nath. Clifford, of Maine, Associate Justice.  
Samuel Nelson, of New York, do  
David Davis, of Illinois, do  
Nath. H. Swayne, of Ohio, do  
Samuel J. Miller, of Iowa, do  
Stephen J. Field, of Cal., do

## U. S. ARMY.

Wm. T. Sherman, of Ohio, Lieutenant General.  
U. S. NAVY.  
David G. Farragut, Admiral.  
David D. Porter, Vice Admiral.

## U. S. SENATORS FOR CALIFORNIA.

Eugene Casserly, do  
Cornelius Cole, do

MEMBERS OF CONGRESS.  
S. B. Axtell, First District.  
A. A. Sargent, Second District.  
James A. Johnson, Third District.

## State Government of California.

H. H. Haight, of Alameda county, Governor.  
Wm. Holden, of Mendocino, Lieutenant Governor.  
Geo. H. Rogers, of San Francisco, Speaker of the Assembly.  
H. L. Nichols, of Sacramento, Secretary of State.  
Robert Watt, of Nevada, Controller.  
Antonio L. Coronel, of Los Angeles, Treasurer.  
John W. Bost, of Merced, Surveyor General.  
Jo. Hamilton, of Placer, Attorney General.  
James H. Carter, of San Francisco, Harbor Commissioner.  
George Seckel, of Tuolumne, Clerk of Supreme Court.  
Daniel W. Gehwicks, of Eldorado, State Printer.  
O. P. Fitzgerald, Superintendent of Public Instruction.

## SUPREME COURT.

A. L. Rhodes, Chief Justice.  
J. B. Crockett, Associate Justice.  
Royal T. Sprague, do  
W. T. Wallace, do  
Jackson Temple, do

## San Mateo County.

E. W. McKinstry, District Judge.  
H. Tompkins, County Judge.  
T. W. Lathrop, Sheriff.  
John Freeman, Under Sheriff.  
J. E. Tate, Clerk and Recorder.  
H. B. Thompson, Deputy.  
A. Peague, District Attorney.  
S. S. Merrill, Treasurer.  
H. E. Lea, Assessor.  
S. S. Easton, Surveyor.  
H. N. Nixson, School Superintendent.  
C. A. Kirkpatrick, Coroner.

## BOARD OF SUPERVISORS.

San Bruno Township—O. McMahon.  
San Mateo—C. A. Murray.  
Palmdale—Geo. Wentworth.  
Redwood—Hugh Kelly.  
Half Moon Bay—James Byrnes.  
Pescadero—John Garrison.

"What would our wives say, if they knew where we are?" said the captain of a "down east" schooner, when they were beating about in a thick fog, fearful of going ashore. "Humph, I shouldn't mind that," replied the mate, "if we only knew where we are ourselves."

The romance of love does very well before marriage; but after it, it sinks into the pork and cabbage of human life.

New name for weaning babies.—Bottle-imp.

## The Great Prize!

THE ONLY Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, AND Gold Medal

Awarded to Howe Sewing Machines at the Paris Exposition of 1889 was given to us as "the most important discovery in the 'Non-linear Universal' (Official Journal of the French Empire) Tuesday, July 2d, 1887.

## THE HOWE SEWING MACHINES

Manufactured by HOWE MACHINE CO., ELIAS HOWE, Jr., Proprietor, No. 699 Broadway, New York.

For Families and Manufacturers. They are celebrated for doing the best work, and using a much smaller needle for the same thread than any other machine. The new Improved Family Machine is without a rival, and cannot be surpassed; a Hemmer, Feller, Braider, Quilter and Guide go with each Family Machine free of charge. Every machine is as near perfection as the best machinery in the world can make it. They are adapted to all kinds of family sewing, and manufacturing of every description, making a beautiful and perfect stitch, alike on both sides of the articles sewed, and will neither rip nor ravel.

The parts being exactly alike, if any part needs to be replaced, the operator can replace it.

Loss of time and expense of sending it to a machine shop rarely occurs.

## The best Machine in the World!

THE HOWE MACHINE COMPANY, Manufacturers and Sole Proprietors of the HOWE SEWING MACHINE. H. A. DEMING, Agent, mt14-1f 137 Kearny St., San Francisco.

## STORAGE! STORAGE!

JAS. BYRNES & CO., South Point Warehouse, Berry Street, between 3rd and 4th SAN FRANCISCO.

The undersigned having leased the South Point Warehouse for general storage, and for the receipt of Grain, and General Merchandise on Storage on the most favorable terms. Advanced notice is hereby given to the undersigned Administrator of the above named estate, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers within ten months from the first publication of this notice, at his residence near Pescadero in San Mateo County.

December 4th, 1889.

## Notice to Creditors.

PROBATE COURT, SAN MATEO COUNTY. IN the matter of the Estate of Alfred Green—deceased. Notice is hereby given to the undersigned Administrator of the above named estate, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers within ten months from the first publication of this notice, at his residence near Pescadero in San Mateo County.

December 4th, 1889.

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S. F. & S. J. R. R. And Central Pacific Railroad.

## BAGGAGE EXPRESS.

THE ONLY REGULAR BAGGAGE EXPRESS in the City that keeps a Messenger on the cars, to receive orders from Passengers to deliver Baggage and Packages to any part of the City. Packages sent to our care, received and orders from the Country for Goods, and Errands will be promptly attended to. ORDERS left at our office, 113 Post Street, near KERNY, San Francisco promptly attended to.

## DENTIST R. A.!

Dr. N. T. Whitcomb, DENTIST.

205 Third street, (up stairs.) SAN FRANCISCO. Teeth filled with fine gold, artificial bone and platinum. All plate work made and repaired of the best material, at the shortest notice, and warranted. None cheaper or better on this coast. Call and examine specimens. North Beach and South Park cars pass the door. my1-6m N. T. WHITCOMB.

## Grover & Baker's

ELASTIC STITCH FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.

Are the best in Use, FOR THE FOLLOWING REASONS:

They are more simple and durable

easier kept in order, make a stronger

and more elastic stitch, a firmer

and more beautiful seam than any other.

They sew all fabrics from two com-

mon spools, require no re-winding of

thread, fasten both ends of the seam

by their own operation, and though

every fifth stitch is cut the seam will

not rip.

They Stitch, Hem, Fell,

Cord, Bind, Tuck, Quilt,

Gather, Braid, and Em-

broider. No other ma-

chine Embroiders, as well

as Sews perfectly.

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Combine the most modern and essential improvements.

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## OCCIDENTAL INSURANCE COMPANY,

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